

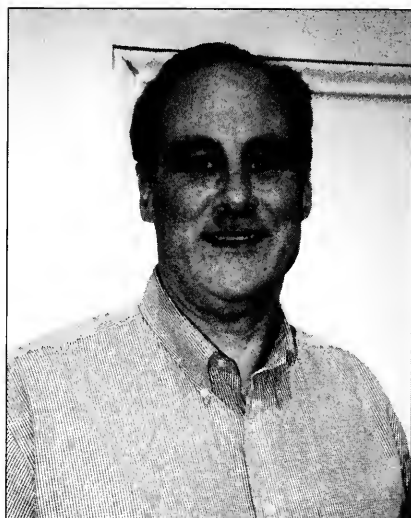
*volume four, spring 2006 issue*

# New. *voices*

*a collection of student writings*



This issue of *New Voices* is dedicated to Chris Wood  
(See page 79).



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# New Voices

*a collection of student writings*

Congratulations to the writing students at the Ivy Tech Community College who are published in this fourth issue of *New Voices*.

This collection is a representative sample from the classes on the Indianapolis and Lawrence campuses. All departments and students may submit manuscripts for publication. *New Voices* regrets it is unable to include all submissions.

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## Table of Contents

The Storm's End	
<i>Eric Bailey</i> .....	5
Missing Out	
<i>Stephanie Warrix</i> .....	14
Three Homes, Three Lives	
<i>Galina Behayev</i> .....	15
Coming of Age	
<i>Audrey Hiatt</i> .....	21
Lion Cub	
<i>Veda Daniel</i> .....	24
Facing My Shattered Past	
<i>Tamara Wisdom</i> .....	25
The Big Toe Race	
<i>Dar Parsons</i> .....	29
My Favorite Job	
<i>Victoria Alexander</i> .....	31
Three Haiku	
<i>Eric Bailey</i> .....	34
Testing High School Athletes for Anabolic Steroids	
<i>Nicholas P. Jackson</i> .....	35
Sarah Ann	
<i>Sandra Pittman</i> .....	41
The Dreadful Outhouse	
<i>Christy Schmali</i> .....	45
Parrot	
<i>Veda Daniel</i> .....	48
Ohiyesa: Charles Alexander Eastman	
<i>Christina Stevens</i> .....	49

Getting Out of the Boat	
<i>Tammera Moore</i> . . . . .	57
Can Anything Be Done To Reduce Teenage Pregnancy	
<i>Carole Hundley</i> . . . . .	59
Untitled	
<i>Julie Maxwell</i> . . . . .	64
My Experience in the Balkan War	
<i>Sasa Glumac</i> . . . . .	65
Unpunished Goes Not One Good Deed	
<i>Joseph Paul Leck</i> . . . . .	69
Contributors' Bios . . . . .	74
Biography of Christopher Wood . . . . .	79
How to Submit Your Manuscript, etc. . . . .	80
Ivy Tech School Song . . . . .	inside back cover

## **The Storm's End**

by Eric Bailey

A rainbow can only be seen in the morning or late afternoon. This simple fact would soon significantly and irrevocably change the life of a man named Ted Foley.

Mr. Ted Foley operated a truck stop convenience store on the edge of Oak Valley, Arkansas. The town was aptly named, situated within a convenient nook between a few of the Ozark mountains and surrounded by the mighty oak trees hardy enough to survive the harsh environment. A country highway ran along the side of this town, directly alongside the convenience store where Ted worked at night.

Ted was a surly, gruff, and brutish man. His linebacker body was decked with slightly faded blue jeans and a leather jacket. This ensemble was adorned with a scraggly face, with eyes in a constant state of squint over his blunt nose and curled lip. He wore a pair of well-worn tennis shoes. Streaks of gray in his short black hair topped his imposing figure.

The hours from midnight to 8 a.m. were long and fairly uneventful, but he was content. After all he had seen and done in the six years he served in Vietnam, he did not mind the lack of excitement in his routine. Oak Valley seemed like the perfect place for a haunted soldier to settle in for the remainder of his days. While he had seen the occasional unfriendly trucker, his time in the Valley had been satisfyingly peaceful as a whole.

The time was now well after 4 a.m., and someone he had not noticed before now spoke in a low tone. "You."

Ted looked up from the well-kept counter where he had been reading out of the sports section from a copy of the *Arkansas Times*, squinting even more than usual. Staring him down was a figure in a trench coat, brow furrowed in a look of anxious suspicion.

Foley stood up straight and crossed his arms defiantly as he replied. "Yeah? Whaddya want?"

The strange man blinked; his head actually visibly retracted for a moment, as if he was absolutely astounded that his question had been answered with a pair of questions.

"Two weeks ago, on the fourteenth, what were you doing?"

From behind the counter Ted could only stare in amazement for a moment. This guy was soaked from the storm outside. His left eye had a quirky twitch to it. He had come into this convenience store in the quietest hours of the night to, apparently, start an interrogation. Ted laughed, allowing himself to surrender to the ridiculous situation. The dripping trench coat before him only continued.

"At noon, two weeks ago, the fourteenth, a Wednesday, where were you?" the man asked, his voice somewhere between a stammer and a sputter.

Ted Foley stared at the stranger in disbelief. Then he began to laugh again, harder this time. He had to brace himself, his palm smacking down on the counter as he leaned forward slightly. Tears threatened to leak out if he did not keep his eyes squeezed shut. This was just too weird, and he was not in the mood to play games with some random screwball. He had never seen anyone like this, and could not help but be somehow amused.

"Oh, sure, the fourteenth, why didn't you say so? I was out with



the wife and kids having a picnic. It was a beautiful Wednesday afternoon, you know. We just sat there admiring the noontime sunshine and a pretty rainbow.”

All lies, of course. Every word of it was blatantly improvised. Ted grinned, as cheekily as possible, figuring he might as well have some fun with this guy after all.

That was when the trench coat pulled a gun. His speed was impressive, whipping the pistol out and leveling its blue steel barrel at Foley’s face before any reaction occurred. The man’s forefinger finished sliding over the trigger, threatening to end Ted Foley’s life.

But Ted Foley was not afraid of death. No, he had stared Death down many times before back in the war, each time bending it to his will, mastering it, conquering it, making it pathetically slink away into some dark corner.

“You’re lying. Lies, all of it. I’m not stupid. You’re lying, lying.” The man’s lip twitched as he spoke, another oddity.

Ted released a gentle-yet-audible sigh, finding that the situation had progressed from ridiculous to surreal. Then again, the entirety of his life sometimes felt as though it were one big surreal experience. He let the man continue.

“A noontime picnic spent admiring a rainbow? Impossible! Rainbows can’t appear midday. Angle of the sunlight’s all wrong. I’m not stupid. You’re lying.”

He began giggling maniacally, a crazed sound that all but confirmed Ted’s suspicions. The man was completely unstable, loony, probably psychotic and obsessive as well. For the past few seconds, Ted kept one hand on the counter, while the other slipped underneath it and slid its finger over the cold smoothness of a

concealed weapon. Hidden was a sawed-off pump-action shotgun he had never had to use before. But this, this was going somewhere bad, and quickly.

“You’re right. I’m lying.” Their eye contact never wavered as Ted spoke. “I’m sorry. Maybe we should try this again—”

It was too late. The sound of the weapon’s safety clicking off was nearly inaudible, but Foley’s trained ears easily heard it. Why this anonymous guy would not have turned his weapon’s safety off earlier was beyond Ted’s reasoning, but the errant timing probably saved his life as he now simply ducked.

The pistol was a .22, but the gunshot still rang out loud enough to be heard from the parking lot, and was accompanied by something shattering on the wall behind the counter. The round missed Ted by only a couple inches. His ears were already ringing before he sprang up, nimbly grabbing the man’s hand and wrenching it sideways. A yelp of pain spat out of his adversary’s lips as the weapon left his grasp and flew away, sliding across the floor.

Ted grit his teeth as a primal rage welled up within him. That old familiar wartime feeling was kicking at his gut as he hoisted the shotgun up to level. This newcomer was fast, skittering into an aisle of snacks after deftly retrieving his own weapon.

A booming sound shook the entire store as Ted squeezed the trigger of his shotgun. Fortunately, he and the trench coat were the only two people around. The weapon’s barrel began to smoke even as goods continued spilling across the polished tiles, odd liquids rapidly forming puddles while peanuts chaotically bounced around.

A battle began anew. Foley was a full-fledged soldier again as he hopped over the counter and took position behind an aisle, his

attacker behind another. Every primal survival instinct was thrashing its way into the forefront of their beings. Ted closed his eyes, only for a moment, but it was enough for a flashback to overtake him in his heightened state.

*The young private nervously glanced back again, petrified. The M-16 grew heavier in his sweaty palms, the jungle climate not helping. He had been separated from his unit, Charlie all around, guerilla mortars still popping and crashing in the distance. The soldier stood still despite his quivering hands. His voice emerged as a loud whisper.*

*"Jimbo?"*

*No response.*

*"Carl?"*

*No response, again.*

*"Red?"*

*Hope was dimming.*

*"Nick?"*

*"Right here."*

*Fire erupted overhead as a thin figure rained down an assault from a perched position in a tree. Yards away enemy troops sounded off with agony-ridden cries of life's finality. The figure stealthily dropped down, coarsely grabbing Ted Foley's arm and pulling.*

*"Come on!"*

*The two ran in tandem, serrated leaves opening cuts in their forearms in a manner no knife could. The cruel jungle kept no path, but Nick seemed to know where he was going. That is, until a mortar shell's scream ended in an abrupt detonation directly in front of the pair.*

*"Nick!"*

*Ted winced and fell over, temporarily blinded and half-numb. His world went black, adorned with stars.*

Ted pumped the gun, another round snapping into proper place, not caring if its noise gave away his position. He stood and turned, weapon bearing down on the aisles ahead.

Nick's voice called out from the corner of the large room, "It WAS you! You ruined my life!"

Ted sharply turned, pivoting on his rear heel. His aim approximated the source of the voice.

"You left me for dead. Ran like a pansy." The man's tone was ragged, hoarse, and desperate.

Everything was beginning to fall into place, to make sense. Familiarity brewed in the back of Ted Foley's mind, as if he had always known, but could not admit it. Recognition roared within his consciousness, longing to be ignored no longer. He then realized the other man in the convenience store was Nick, his old war pal.

The hidden voice sounded off again, "A life for a life, Teddy."

The intruder's thin figure sprang up from the entrance, but before he could fire Ted squeezed his own trigger. This shot found its target; the thick slug barreled through the shoulder of the brown trench coat. The man's entire body writhed with the force of the shot, awkwardly twisting and tightening. A deep red liquid began to run down his chest.

"You, you shot me!" He sounded surprised, as if Ted should not have had the audacity to fire.

"That's right, Nick. Don't make me do it agai-"

A bullet from the .22 crashed into Ted Foley's chest, stopping

against his ribcage. The force of the impact caused the well-built man to reel and almost lose his footing. His hand clawed at his newly bloodstained shirt as if to heal the wound by sheer vigor. His teeth gnashed and eyelids clamped together once more, the pain surging through his frame like an all-consuming fire blazing through his veins. He could actually feel where a rib had splintered from the shot. Fortunately Nick was rusty, having not fired a weapon since the war, and the round missed Ted's heart.

For some reason Nick now ran, his weak arm flailing beside him under its blown-out shoulder. He exited the convenience store and entered his car amidst the pounding rain.

Ted followed, not concerned in the least about leaving the convenience store behind. He climbed into his pick-up truck, rain hammering down on the gray roof of its extended cab. Soon he had started the engine and roared off after Nick, his former war buddy.

Tires squealed on wet pavement as they sped down the country road. Ted ignored the pain of his gunshot wound, and could only marvel at Nick's actions. He had long ago coped with the loss of Nick, only to find out tonight that not only was he alive but apparently holding a bitter grudge. This was a shock that Ted was finding difficult to handle. He tried to consider what he would say to Nick—if given another chance.

Ted's thought process was then interrupted by Nick's vehicle suddenly slamming on its brakes and veering left. Ted's eyes widened as his knuckles whitened on the steering wheel, trying to correct his truck's course to avoid a collision. His efforts were in vain, however, as his tires hydroplaned over a slick strip of rain-soaked cement, causing the truck to swerve left as well.

Ted's truck awkwardly slammed into Nick's car just before both vehicles crashed through the guard rail, going airborne for a brief, heart-stopping moment. Their tires collectively hit the mud, sliding hard down the embankment. Ted Foley gave up all control, hunching forward and throwing his arms upward to cover his face.

Another rough impact and both drivers were hardly aware of their surroundings as the rain continued to descend all around. Ted was first to exit his vehicle, various scrapes marking his arms. Lightning flashed as he grabbed his shotgun from the passenger's seat and began trudging over to Nick's vehicle.

Nick himself soon bailed out, one of his tires still spinning; his car halfway entrenched in wet earth. He coughed and splattered with each crooked step. Thunder boomed in the distance as he revealed his pistol. Each man's weapon was slowly raised.

"I knew it was you. Two weeks ago I stopped in Oak Valley on my way to visit my brother. It was nothing urgent, so I took my time, figured I'd try out your local motel and stay a while. A little vacation, I guess, to get away from it all. Seemed like a nice enough place." Nick winced and grabbed his side before continuing. "I walked outside the motel one morning and noticed you drive by in that same truck. I couldn't believe it. I had to know if it was you. I've been tracking you ever since!"

The man laughed in an unsettling manner, seconds later he was staring at the mud he was standing in. Drops of rain rolled off his forehead. He then looked up, right at Ted with a distant look in his eyes.

"Ted, I don't want to do this. I really don't. Doesn't have to be this way." Nick blinked – and kept his eyes shut for a minute.

“Do what, Nick? What are you doing, exactly?” Ted scowled while breathing heavily, struggling to understand.

Nick lightly chuckled before responding, “I don’t know, buddy. I don’t know.”

With that, he turned his handgun up towards himself, pressing it under his chin before pulling the trigger. As the round drilled its way through flesh and bone, Ted’s body shook more than Nick’s did.

“Nick!” Ted cried out, stunned.

Ted tried to run over, slipping and falling in the process. He cried out in frustration before standing back up and walking over to his old friend’s fallen body. The blood running out of his neck was barely discernible as it was assaulted by the rain, now falling softer than it had in hours.

He dropped his own weapon and began to weep, holding back an overdue nervous breakdown. He ran his hands through his slick hair, groping for a source of reason. The storm was fading, along with his already-tenuous grasp of the situation.

He looked up, wildly scanning the horizon for answers. He slowly forced himself to calm down, at least take some deep breaths. The inevitable was sinking in, that Nick was gone, and his leaving offered only silence. Life would continue at the Oak Valley convenience store. The sun was now rising in the east, its corona peeking over the Ozarks. As Ted Foley looked off into the distance, he noticed a rainbow amidst the light drizzle.

## Missing Out

I am the sea  
you have never crossed

I am the coin  
you have never tossed

I am the stone  
you have never unturned

I am the fire  
you have never burned

I am the eyes  
you have never seen

I am the road  
you have never been

I am the door  
you never chose

I am the chapter  
you will never close.

by Stephanie Warrix



## Three Homes, Three Lives

by Galina Belyayev

Home: how much is in this word! Home is not only a building with furniture inside; it is not just air-conditioning, ventilation, and gas service. Home is not even a refrigerator crammed with food. For most of us, home means warmth, love, support, protection, the pleasure of bringing up our children, and grief of loss. Home is like a friend, like a family member who shares joy and sadness with us. Every home has its life and its history. We enter our homes when we are newborns, and many of us dream to spend our last days at home. During my life, I have had three different homes and three different lives.

\* \* \*

“Boom!” This is the sound of an excavator that is destroying my home. The excavator is standing in front of our house and its huge wrecking ball is crashing the massive concrete walls of the building. “Boom!” The excavator is crashing my childhood. It is a warm and colorful early autumn of 1975. I am 13. I am standing near my beloved home, and the tears are running from my eyes.

The home of my childhood was in Moscow, Russia. For more than 45 years, my family had been living in that home. In the 1920s, my grandfather’s brother bought a flat in the two-story, six-flat house and invited his whole extended family to live there. It is difficult to imagine now how 12 tenants and a great number of guests were living in three rooms. People were sleeping on the beds, on the chairs connected together, on the tables, and even on the floor. It was a very hard time of New Economic Policy, repressions,

the Second World War, post-war period. The home had always been the fortress of the family, its protection and support.

By the time I was born, only two families were living in our flat, but after two years, just my mother, my grandmother, and I remained. Our big extended family was visiting us on holidays.

I can relive the experience now. My mother is dusting and mopping the floor. My grandmother and I are making a big Napoleon cake. Our kitchen is too small, so we are in the hall; I am making holes in thin layers of pastry with the fork, and my grandmother is putting them one by one into the oven. The smell of the cake; joy is everywhere around the flat, and I am losing patience waiting for the guests.

My mother and I are in the dining room. A big round table is standing in the middle. It is dark outside, so the curtains are closed, and the sunflowers on the curtains look so delightful in the light of a table lamp. We are sitting around the table. My mother is a teacher, and she has many notebooks to be checked. She is making corrections and evaluating the papers, and I am looking at her and at her work. How interesting and nice it is! How I want to be a teacher, too!

I am ill. I am staying in bed in my mother's room. To the right of me, near the window, is my mother's writing-table. I do my homework on it, so it is full of my books, notebooks, and other papers. In front of me, there is a bookcase with English books on the top and Russian on the bottom. My mother is reading me one of my favorite books, *Krosh's Memories* while trying to treat my cough with hot milk. I hate this hot milk and cheat, waiting for the skim to form and then putting it on the saucer. Nevertheless, it is my best-

loved time. I am with my mother, listening to my precious book, and I don't need to go to school tomorrow.

My home has always been my full protection, especially when only my grandmother was there. Sometimes, our neighbors would come to complain about me; however, I was never punished.

"Your granddaughter is awful! You can't imagine what she is doing! She dirtied my entrance with toothpaste. She stole apples from my garden. She broke my child's bicycle!" And it was not the end of the complaints.

"Come on! How can it be? It is your own child who doesn't know how to behave himself. Here is my granddaughter; she is sitting at her writing table doing her homework. Look." My grandmother never believed the complaints. Or maybe she did? Anyway, I was happy that my mother was not home at that time. Such was my childhood in our home on Begovaya Street in the center of Moscow.

\* \* \*

When I was 13, we moved to another house on Moscow's Southside. It was a modern brick 15-story building, and our flat was on the sixth floor. The move changed not only my homes, but it changed my whole life. I became an adult. My grandmother was old; my mother was too tired: she was working too much, and the ride in the overcrowded transport from our new home to the school took too much time, energy, and health. I felt responsible for the life of my family, for my home; I tried to do as many chores as I could.

My memories about that home are connected with the most tragic and the happiest events in my life. There, my mother and my grandmother passed away. My home was unable to save them.

There, in my home, I married, and my three sons were born. There, from the kitchen window, my youngest son fell from the sixth floor. It was my home that met us, healthy, after two days in the hospital. In my home, we were trying to survive during the “perestroika” period. Together with our neighbors, we installed the locks on all the entrances. Some neighbors built additional iron doors, and those who didn’t have enough money for those doors put pintles between their doors and walls. Nevertheless, it was still very frightening, especially for the non-Russian people.

It is a dark and cold winter night in 1993. I am lying in my bed listening to every sound outside. Today, I have read a slogan in our entrance hall, explaining to our neighbors who is responsible for all the troubles in the country, and persuading them to punish those people. “Russia for Russians.” We are not Russian, we are Jews. I am staying in bed and listening. What can I do? Our home is not our fortress any more.

\* \* \*

In 2003, my family arrived in Indianapolis, my third home. It is a spacious apartment in a two-story facility on the north side of the town.

“Oh, what is this?”

“I can’t turn on the water!”

“Oy, I think, I have broken the commode.”

“I don’t know how to make my bed.”

Five of us and the cat are rushing around the apartment and don’t know how to use different things. It is frustrating and funny at the same time. It reminds me the American film, *Dumb and Dumber*, and we are laughing.

Now, all of us are studying, and three of us are working. We have very little time to spend together in our home. However, when we are meeting, we, like peers in class, are pleased discussing our school events. Everybody has so much to say that we are interrupting each other.

“Can you imagine, I am already in the 10th grade, and we are still studying the square roots!”

“I wish I only had to study Math here, but I am taking composition, and very soon, we will be out of paper.”

“I have a test tomorrow. Oh my God, I need to study 30 new words and 20 irregular verbs!”

It is difficult to study, especially in a foreign language, English. Nevertheless, we are enjoying the life in our new home. We are helping each other, and the people around us are very friendly and thoughtful. Every day brings us something new and interesting, and we are thankful for our new home.

My homes have always been part of me. No matter how much time I spend at school or at work, I still need a place where I can return and feel myself comfortable, protected, and loved. Home for me is not a material value; it is a backbone that supports and unites my family.





## Coming of Age

by Audrey Hiatt

Holy Roller, occult member, Jesus only, are names I was called every day of my childhood. Dad was a baptized-in-Jesus name and Holy-Ghost-filled Christian. Going to Sunday school class on Sunday mornings was normal, but attending services all day long was cruel. Sundays weren't the only day to keep holy; we also attended church the entire week, night after night. Facing my peers in grade school was tolerable, since I was a little girl with nothing to prove. Entering high school was different. I was developing into a teenager, and I saw mini skirts, girls and boys kissing, and sporting activities. I wasn't prepared and didn't know what to expect.

I have no regrets about my childhood. Each birthday I'm blessed to celebrate, I understand every word my parents preached to me. I was surrounded by love and discipline; "Spare the rod and spoil the child" was framed and hung in the hallway of my home. A wooden paddle five inches in width and 18 inches in length, including the paddle's handle, hung next to the plaque. I nicknamed the paddle "Big Red," the avenger. Dad used "Big Red" to discipline my brothers, sisters, and me. I was the oldest and had to set good examples. If not, I **was** the example. Children's rights were a thing of the future, and spanking or whipping a child was showing love. We received discipline when we disobeyed the rules. I must admit I never was told exactly what the rules were.

Entering Arsenal Technical High School was awesome. My parents couldn't afford bus fare, so I walked to school every day. It was approximately five miles from home. Walking to school became

old fast. Boys were approaching me asking for dates; I dated boys with cars only. I started drinking liquor and cutting school on a regular basis. I didn't care if my parents found out; I was having fun for the first time in my life. The school informed my parents I had been missing classes and not attending school. I paid the consequences, receiving whippings every night.

The time came for me to do something. Now I realize I was stupid, but this is what I did. One evening after I had gotten a whipping, I snuck out the back bedroom window and ran away from home. The first night I stayed in my aunt's garage; it was cold, and I was hungry. The next morning I visited an older guy who was attracted to me. We ate and drank hard liquor and listened to soul music all day. I was flirtatious and lucky I wasn't raped or worse killed. Having nowhere to sleep, I continued to stay with my new friend.

I began to miss my little sister, who was two years my junior, so I got in touch with her. This was my second week away from home. I never thought of the pain I had inflicted on my parents; I didn't care. I believed I wasn't loved because my dad whipped me so many times for seemingly nothing. This experience came to an abrupt end as I looked out the window and saw my parent's car and two police cars. I hid under the bed where I was found very quickly. Dad looked stern, Mom was crying, and I was waiting for the whipping I deserved this time.

The whipping never happened. The police officer asked my father, "Do you want to take your daughter home or to the juvenile center?" Dad looked into my mother's eyes, then answered, "Take her off to juvenile." I stayed incarcerated for two weeks, the amount

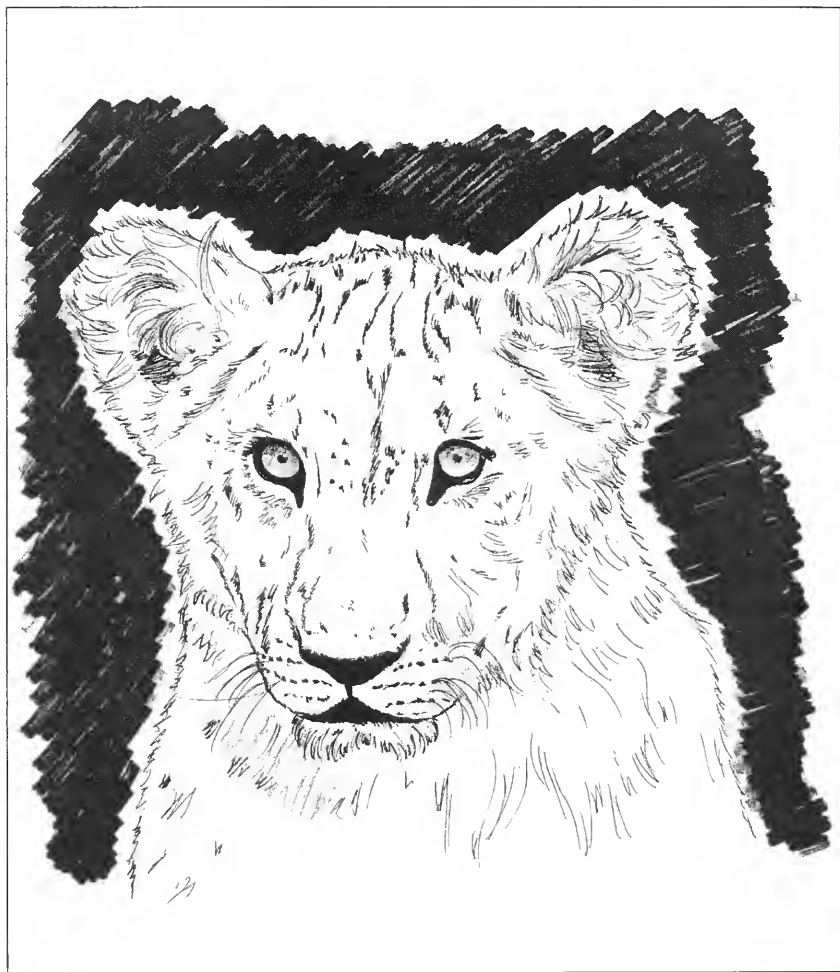


of time I had run away from home. I yearned for home and wanted to be there, whippings and all.

I lived two miles from the juvenile center. The day of my release the first face I saw was my dad's. I ran fast, joyfully. I was so glad to see him. Dad didn't drive the car to pick me up; we walked home together. I talked to Dad about my thoughts on discipline and maturing into a teenager and he listened. Dad explained his responsibilities as a father and how he wanted the best for me and my future.

I apologized for my past behavior at home, school, and for running away from home. I realized I loved my home, but home wasn't anything without my family. The most important fact I realized was my parents loved me, especially Dad.





by Veda Daniel

## Facing My Shattered Past

by Tamara Wisdom

Nearly 25 years ago, my innocence was shattered. As a 10-year-old, I was vibrant and full of spirit. I loved people and life itself. I remembered that I used to smile regardless of the occasion. Unfortunately, my smile and innocence were abruptly taken away by an uncle that I had trusted. Before he emotionally and physically hurt me, my uncle and I were close. I considered him my *favorite uncle*. But one day things changed horribly. It started from innocent hugs to something more inappropriate. I remember his icy cold hands and the stench of a musty odor and the whiskey on his breath.

Today, as an adult, I've been painfully keeping these memories a secret. Since abusing me he has been incarcerated in a Tennessee prison for murdering his wife. Even before his incarceration, I hadn't seen my uncle in years. I knew I needed to face this painful reality. Nevertheless in the summer of 2005, I had no choice but to face him again.

It was two years ago on a warm summer evening when my Grandmother received an upsetting phone call. I vividly remember the sadness she had on her face. She looked at me as she began to cry and said, "Tammie, Arthur Lee has died." When she told me I felt nothing. There was neither pity nor tears; on the contrary, I felt rage and hatred, the same feelings I had been harboring for 23 years towards my uncle. Besides the negative resentment I had for my uncle, I felt sorrow for my grandmother because Arthur Lee was her baby brother. However, at that moment, I was beginning to

remember those icy cold hands he had on me. But what was worse were the whispered disgusting moans he made in my ear while he enjoyed his perverted pleasures. Despite my feelings towards my uncle, I knew I needed to face my past. I decided to go to his funeral.

That weekend we drove nearly 350 miles from Indianapolis to Pulaski, Tennessee. The following day, my family and I went to a small funeral home near the town's square. When I walked inside, there was a crowd of people standing around his casket. Out of respect I went to hug his children in the front row. When the crowd slowly dispersed, I saw the man that I had loathed for 23 years. He was lying in his casket, wearing his Sunday's best, looking as if he was asleep. "I don't think I want to get any closer to view him," I thought. Then an older aunt of mine, not realizing why I was trying to avoid seeing my uncle took my hand. "Gal, what you standing right here for?" she said in her southern accent, "He won't bite. Ga'wn now!" So without explaining my secret, I walked up to the casket with my aunt. I didn't know whether to be relieved he was stone cold dead or pretend to mourn to please my unsuspecting relatives.

After the services began, there were a few speakers who had some nice sentiments for my uncle; obviously, I couldn't understand what was so great about him. I wanted to get up and shout to everyone that he was a disgusting deviant who preyed upon young girls, but something kept me from doing that. An older cousin was singing "Precious Lord, Take My Hand." During that time, I heard painful cries from grandmother and Arthur Lee's children. It seemed I was the only one in the first few rows not showing any

emotion; I was beginning to feel guilty and my emotions were a rollercoaster. Then suddenly, something I didn't expect happened.

The daughter of Arthur Lee's murder victim stood up and clapped. She was rejoicing his death by dancing. "Thank you, Jesus! Thank you, Jesus!" she shouted. Even though most people were trying to stay focused on the solo hymn by my cousin, the daughter's claps echoed through the somber funeral home. When I looked back, I saw a shadow of a woman running towards the doors, but the sunlight made it difficult to see her face. Then the claps and shouting grew faint: She had left.

At that moment, I realized something I had never thought of before. When I was growing up, my grandmother had always taught the power of forgiveness. "You need to forgive others, otherwise God can not forgive you when you repent," she'd said. As I recalled her words, I imagined my uncle dying in prison of a massive heart attack. He didn't have his loved ones at his side when he died. Even the prison didn't contact his family until a week after his death.

He made very costly and painful mistakes that hurt many people, I thought, as the crowd went in order to view his body for the last time; "I should forgive him, so I can go on with my life." When it came time for my row to view Arthur Lee, I was a little apprehensive. However, when I approached his casket I whispered, "I forgive you, so cross-over in peace." Then my children and I walked out of the funeral home.

Since then, I have found peace and forgiveness towards Arthur Lee. I idolized him as a child; then he became my personal demon for 23 years. I did feel deep resentment toward him even in his death. Through his sickening pleasures, I lost the most precious

commodity I had, which was trust.

To this day, it is hard for me to trust anyone. I have never been in a healthy relationship with a man. Although I've forgiven my uncle, the memories still haunt me. I have been in counseling, and have written poetry; these have helped me through my most difficult times, but most of all, forgiving him was the best thing I've done.

Although I never reported him to the authorities, I always believed that "what goes around comes around." Arthur's life led him from a pedophile to a murderer. He went from a man who had his freedom to man who was incarcerated in prison for life. I hope he found peace within himself, like I found within myself.



## **The Big Toe Race**

by Dar Parsons

He couldn't say no, especially in front of the girl he had a crush on. The square-faced bully challenged him to a race in the alleys of inner city Indianapolis; to make it more exciting, they had to be barefooted. Hopefully the callouses growing from heel to toe were thick and their feet were odor free. He knew this wasn't going to be easy.

Alleys on the east side of Indianapolis were piled high with sharp objects and deep chuck holes. Trash of every kind littered the landscape; a puddle with a floating baby diaper, used condoms from the hookers on Tenth Street, and disease-infested hypodermic needles. It was a mine field of stuff, a junk yard of consumer waste.

The square-faced bully threatened to beat him into a piece of his mom's shit if he didn't go through with it. The freckle-faced girl held her books close, waiting to pick her champion. Planets were aligned, hell froze over, cows were flying, and today the nerd was going to get the girl. Both young boys got into starting position, kneeling down, arms and fingers extended onto the rough cracked asphalt.

An obese friend of the bully waddled alongside both of them, held up a firecracker, lit it with a silver lighter and threw it on the ground between them. Sweat poured from their foreheads, nostrils flared, and then a BANG!

They were both off down the alley like lightning, dodging rocks and other obstacles, side by side. The obese sidekick winked at the girl. She cringed as he licked his lips at her. She then ignored him by

turning her attention back to the race. The bully pushed him toward a chuck hole, but the nerd came back with a push.

Still parallel with each other, they both touched the stop sign and headed back to the finish line. It was going to be a close one.

He knew if he didn't win the girl, she would walk away and tell everyone in school how much of a loser he was. They were halfway, and the bully was getting worried. His fat friend bit hard on his knuckles and the sweet little girl bit her bottom lip.

Nobody saw the chuckhole in the midst of the Indian summer day. The square-faced bully went foot first into it and a snapping sound was heard throughout the neighborhood. Noticing the dark pit, in a split second the nerd jumped over it, flying past the finish line and then scuffing his toe on the concrete.

The fat sidekick waddled over to help his screaming friend, eyes wide as saucers with his sprained ankle. The young girl ran over to her champion of the big alley race and kissed his cheek. He couldn't believe it; he won but yet he was in so much pain. Looking down, he saw that a flap of his skin was hanging from his big toe. He screamed like a little girl. He was no longer a nerd; now he was a sissy.





## My Favorite Job

by Victoria Alexander

I have worked at many establishments doing random jobs for the past twenty-five years. Of all the positions I have held, though, my favorite, without a doubt, was landscape design. The Weaver family has had a renowned business on Broad Ripple Avenue for the last thirty-eight years. Searching for a new field to explore, I decided to apply for a summer job eleven years ago. I have worked full and part-time there ever since.

I enjoy landscaping and designing people's lawns. I love working in an environment where it is a learning experience. In no time at all, I knew the difference between annuals and perennials. Also, sharing and informing the patrons of my knowledge that I acquired from the Weavers is exciting. It is amazing that many people have no idea about lighting and exposure to the elements in different zones that differentiate what can and cannot be grown.

One day, a customer needed assistance concerning her purchase. She had gone to the landscaping department and requested assistance in her yard. Unfortunately for her, the landscaping department was swamped with customers. They told her it was virtually impossible for their department to go to her residence to create a plan for her plantings.

Overhearing this, I volunteered for the job at hand with delight. This is something that I thoroughly enjoy. I responded by telling her that I would be glad to come over to her home on my own time and assist her with the difficult task at hand. I told her that I would do the job for a fraction of the cost of what Sundown Gardens would

charge; a well-known, but high-priced nursery and landscape group in Carmel. A friend of mine works there, and I asked him their price range so that I could undercut them significantly.

In contrast to Sundown Gardens' practice of drawing up a design on a flimsy piece of paper for a hefty price of \$250.00, I created the same idea, only better. Not only did I include an extensive key to show the patron what the elements in my drawing stood for, I also laminated the paper for future use. If a client decided to incorporate more plantings in the future, they could be easily added onto the laminated paper with a wax crayon. I charged a small fee of \$25.00 to come to the residence in order to obtain information of the area prior to designing. That way I knew what I was working with from the start. People enjoy hearing my expertise, and I love to teach about horticulture.

It is unbelievable how people put the most fragile plantings in the hot, sweltering sun. Fortunately, plants now come equipped with a tag that represents the type of exposure to the sun required to attain the best growth and health for plants. All the customer has to do is read the sticker to obtain the information; most importantly, they need to follow those directions.

Mrs. Weaver runs her business like a ship. She works seven days a week from March until July 4, after which, they are closed on Sundays. Mrs. Weaver is the cashier. She is eighty-years-old, but that woman is a worker. She has taught me everything I know about horticulture.

One day I heard a scream in the back of the impatiens house. These are flowers that are beautiful and need morning light only. Mrs. Weaver slipped on a slick spot on the concrete. She slid under

a table that consisted of cement blocks with chicken wire on the top to hold the plants and she hit her head and was knocked out cold.

I located her first by following the direction of her voice. Her daughter, Pam, and son, Tommy, quickly arrived in seconds flat by my side.

I said, "Don't move her!" but they dragged her out from under the table.

When she regained consciousness, believe it or not, she requested a beer! Her daughter, Pam, told her that she could have a glass of water. Mrs. Weaver went to the hospital, but she was fine. She is a tough old bird!

My heart is in landscape design. If only our warm months were not so few and far between, it could be more lucrative for me.



## Three Haiku

Aurora-lit sky  
Pine trees laden with fresh snow  
A hare-fed wolf howls.

Shoes hit the pavement  
Like father's fists to her face  
She pants... runs harder.

Starter pistol fires  
We fling ourselves to water  
I glide between ropes.

by Eric Bailey

## **Testing High School Athletes for Anabolic Steroids**

by Nicholas P. Jackson

In the ever competitive world of high school sports, anabolic primers and performance enhancing supplements are becoming a new addiction. Unlike the more popular drugs in the past, that have been abused by high school students, these drugs have psychologically addictive properties, that have more tempting aspects to them, that cater to the wants and needs of athletes. The drugs I am talking about specifically are powerful anabolic steroids.

Students are bigger, faster, and stronger than ever before, but coincidentally, they are also lazier than ever before. So what is the varying factor? What America needs to realize is that unlike in the past, this is something that has become a problem and just because it has not been a problem does not mean it is going to remain as is. “Nearly 42,000 Texas students in grades seven through twelve – about 2.3 percent – had taken steroids” (Jones, 2005). The problem at hand is, aside from passive and incomplete drug prevention programs and costly drug testing procedures; we have no effective system to follow for testing high school athletes for anabolic steroids.

One solution has had good results in the past, but somewhat dodged the issue at hand in doing so. A research team led by Dr. Linn Goldberg of the Oregon Health Sciences University in Portland has launched a steroid prevention program called ATLAS, an acronym for Adolescents Training and Learning to Avoid

Steroids. This is a comprehensive program that is tailored towards football players who could potentially be drawn to anabolic steroids in the near future. "The program consists of classroom, weight-training, and parent information components, and together they give student athletes the knowledge and skills to resist steroid use and achieve their athletic goals in more effective, healthier ways" (Mathias, 1997). The Adolescents Training and Learning to Avoid Steroids program is funded by the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA).

This sounds like a perfect solution, and it is definitely better than other attempts to solve this ever so serious problem that has developed, but several issues are not addressed. Although this program teaches athletes the dangers of steroids, and alternative methods to achieving similar outcomes than turning to drugs for results, it does not take affirmative action. Take alcoholism, or narcotics abuse, for example. Do we honestly believe that abusers of these drugs and substances are uneducated on the harmful effects of the substance they turn to each day and would otherwise seek to overcome their addiction if they knew better? Just because we educate and pamper athletes on the harmful effects of anabolic steroid use, does not necessarily mean that they would refuse to subject their bodies to such potential harm. It is a risk that they are willing to make and a sacrifice that they will make to either achieve the ultimate body, ultimate condition, or perform at the ultimate level.

The second solution attempt that was researched is a little more affirmative and to the point. This is one process that high schools in the Granbury School District in the state of Texas have imple-

mented. "Beginning immediately, the Granbury school district will begin testing students for use of illegal anabolic steroids, athletic director Tandy Leach said. Leach said the tests would be random and all students in grades seven through twelve involved in a competitive extracurricular activity will be subject to being tested" (Mauch, 2005). This attempt seems a little more realistic to solving the problem and issue at hand.

The *Dallas Morning News* reported the following, "The *News* found that area high school students prefer to buy the banned drugs from a friend or acquaintance" (Jones, 2005). As one can see, students are seeking and purchasing steroids in whatever way is most comfortable and convenient for them. Leach said "A student found to be using drugs for the first time will receive seven days suspension, have to write a five-page research paper on the dangers of drug use, and attend two sessions with a certified counselor. A second offence results in a month's suspension and six counseling sessions. If a student is tested positive a third time, he or she is suspended for a year and must attend a dozen counseling sessions" (Mauch, 2005). Mauch is addressing this issue with a disciplinary approach that is somewhat like three strikes and your out. What he has done is develop a plan that not only punishes the individuals for their actions, but also goes about educating and helping athletes with their problem.

This solution to me has one downfall, and this would be the expense of the testing. This program tests every single athlete who is involved in sports. That could get very costly and is a waste of money, testing athletes who clearly are not using anabolic steroids. It would be very apparent that an athlete who is 5'7", 130 pounds,

and bench presses 110 pounds is not taking anabolic steroids.

Lastly, a near perfect solution to this very important and overlooked problem is one that is similar to the one that the Granbury school district has implemented, but a bit different. This solution is very similar. I would have certain athletes submit to a urine drug test for anabolic steroids. The way I would distinguish who would have to pass a urine drug test would be to determine every athlete's body mass index, through a typical body mass index scale, and those who rate higher than 25 would have to undergo a drug test. What that is going to do is eliminate smaller built individuals who are probably not using steroids. If an athlete is using steroids, he probably has an unusual body mass index reading due to the enormous amount of muscular development achieved by the use of steroids.

The only drawbacks to this system is the first one being the typical complaint of testing through urine samples, but nonetheless, it is necessary and essential as well as unavoidable if we want to get to the root of this problem. The second is using body mass index in trying to weed out non steroid users. The problem one runs into with the body mass index approach is that athletes with high body fat percentages are going to show high numbers that do not necessarily mean that they use steroids, but just that they have a high body fat percentages. Another issue is that a new user who is extremely underweight would not qualify for a drug test for quite some time, until the steroid has brought his body mass index number up to such that qualifies the athlete to submit to a drug test. Therefore, the user may be able to abuse the substance for many months without having to be tested.



Anabolic steroid use among high school athletes has only been attacked with incomplete drug prevention programs and exorbitant drug testing procedures without a plan that truly solves the issue of drug testing high school athletes for anabolic steroids. Although, I do personally feel my system of drug testing the “right” athletes makes the most sense, and is the most cost effective, it also is the most effective at weeding out those athletes who choose to break the law and endanger themselves with the use of illegal anabolic steroids. It was stated in *The Indianapolis Star* by Bob Kravitz that “We’re ready to test all high school athletes for “party” drugs when the fact is, steroids and other performance enhancers are far more prevalent, are equally dangerous and do more to compromise the games’ integrity than recreational drugs” (Kravitz, 2002). I believe athletes need to weigh the pros and cons of steroid use and determine for themselves, whether it is more important to be the fastest on the field and the strongest in the weight room, or the healthiest and safest in every aspect of life.

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## Sarah Anne

by Sandra Pittman

Do you have a toddler who is constantly trying your patience, or seems to be a little manipulative, and a little bit of everything worrisome at such a young age? If so, does it ever make you wonder, or fear what the teenage years will bring? If you do, you are not alone. I do, too!

Sarah Anne is my twenty-two-month old daughter who is independent, dramatic, clever, manipulative, and a loving little girl — all in one little body. As her mother, I wish I could see into her head and know how her mind works.

Since the day Sarah was born she has been independent. In the hospital, I would pick her up. She would cry. That first day I cried, too; I thought she didn't like me. I soon found out that she loved me, but she had her own little personality. Sarah never wanted to be just held. She had to sleep in her own bed, and she had to be wherever her big brother was.

At present Sarah is known to be very dramatic. It all started one afternoon when I picked her up from the nursery. I asked the childcare attendant, "Where is Sarah?" I expected her to be waiting for me. Instead I found her lying face down on the couch. I asked the attendant, "What time did she fall asleep?"

The lady replied, "Oh she is not sleeping; she has been there pouting ever since you left!"

At that moment Sarah rolled off the couch and said, "Dammit." Not only was I embarrassed; I was shocked to learn of this new behavior of hers. Did she hear that word from me? On occasion,

when we see the attendant she will call Sarah “Ms. Hollywood.” They also say they enjoy watching her dramatic mannerisms.

When I try to teach Sarah, or try to explain to her why she can’t behave a certain way, she will point her finger at me and say, “Knock it off!” I know that she did hear this from me. I tell her to knock it off all the time. Right now I have been trying to teach her the importance of staying with me and holding my hand when we are out of the house.

When I go to reach for her hand, Sarah will say, “Don’t touch me!” It always seems to be a battle with her.

One recent afternoon Sarah and I were home alone together. She came up to me and said, “Play, mommy play!”

I said, “Okay Sarah what would you like to play?”

She replied, “Hide seek! Hide seek!”

“Okay Sarah, you go hide, and I’ll come find you!”

Sarah ran down the hall, climbed in the closet and yelled, “Okay mommy!”

“Okay!” and I pretended to look for her.

“Are you in here? No she’s not in here!” When I thought she couldn’t handle the anticipation any longer, I threw open the closet door and said, “I found you!”

That was not all I found. I found Sarah coloring on the closet wall! Once again I was shocked! She definitely knows better! I’ve told her time and time again not to color on anything but paper. Was this little girl’s trick on her mother clever or what?

Sometimes I worry about the teenage years. I also worry about my patience with her. Is this just a taste of what is to come? She is already trying to learn how to manipulate people to get what she

wants, especially her grandma. When I tell Sarah “no,” Sarah will run to her grandmother with her lip curled under and say, “Grandma. Mommy hurt me!” Her grandmother falls for it every time. It drives me crazy!

Even though I have many days like this, Sarah is also a very loving little girl. She likes to kiss her big brother’s boo boos, and hug him. She also likes to play the loving mommy role with her baby dolls. I enjoy her very much, but I would like to look inside her head and know how or what she is thinking; it would make my job as a parent much easier.





## **The Dreadful Outhouse**

by Christy Schmali

Many parents in Kentucky use scare tactics to keep their children away from places that may be a danger to their lives by telling their children scary stories of ghosts, goblins, and witches. When you are just a child you believe these stories; that is how my parents kept me away from dangerous situations.

In the summer of 1979, I was about seven-years-old at my parents' home, which was twenty miles away from Dover, Kentucky. We had an old outhouse that was one hundred yards away from our back porch. I always dreaded going out there at night because my mom told me that there was a ghost at the pond, and the pond was behind the outhouse. My mom said that the ghost came out at night to make sure no little girls or boys go near the pond; and if they did Mr. Ghost would get them.

One night I had to go to the bathroom urgently, and I could not wait until morning. I could not wake mom up because she had been sick earlier that day; so after getting out of bed, I went to the back door and stood there staring at the outhouse for the longest time. Frightened of that ghost I thought would come and take me away, or worse hurt me — I did not want to go out there.

Finally, I got up the courage to go outside in the dark all alone! I opened the door and stepped onto the back porch. I slowly started down the three steps one by one; I could hear my knees knocking together because I was so scared, as I started walking across our yard towards that awful outhouse. The only light I had was from the moon; it was a full moon that night.

As I was walking, almost running towards the outhouse I heard a noise that stopped me in my tracks, and I wanted to cry so badly; it was the bullfrogs croaking in the night

I started running towards the outhouse as fast as my little legs would go; I ran inside and slammed the door behind me.

Inside of the outhouse on the back wall was a round hole; I looked frantically at this hole to make sure that no ghost was looking in at me. I hurried up and stuck newspaper in the hole. I was so frightened from the noises of the night.

As I started to leave, the worst thing in the world happened: I was locked inside! All my emotions came over me, and I began banging on the door, screaming and frantically crying. I ripped the newspaper from its place in the hole, and I thought I saw an eyeball looking in at me! I became so frightened, I began kicking and pounding on the door with all my strength.

I was screaming for my mom; she never came to rescue me from this ghost. I kept screaming for mom, and my imagination started to run wild. I imagined the ghost was walking around the outhouse rocking it, and saying, “B-o-o, I am coming to get you.” My eyes were as big as saucer plates, and I was crying like Niagara Falls.

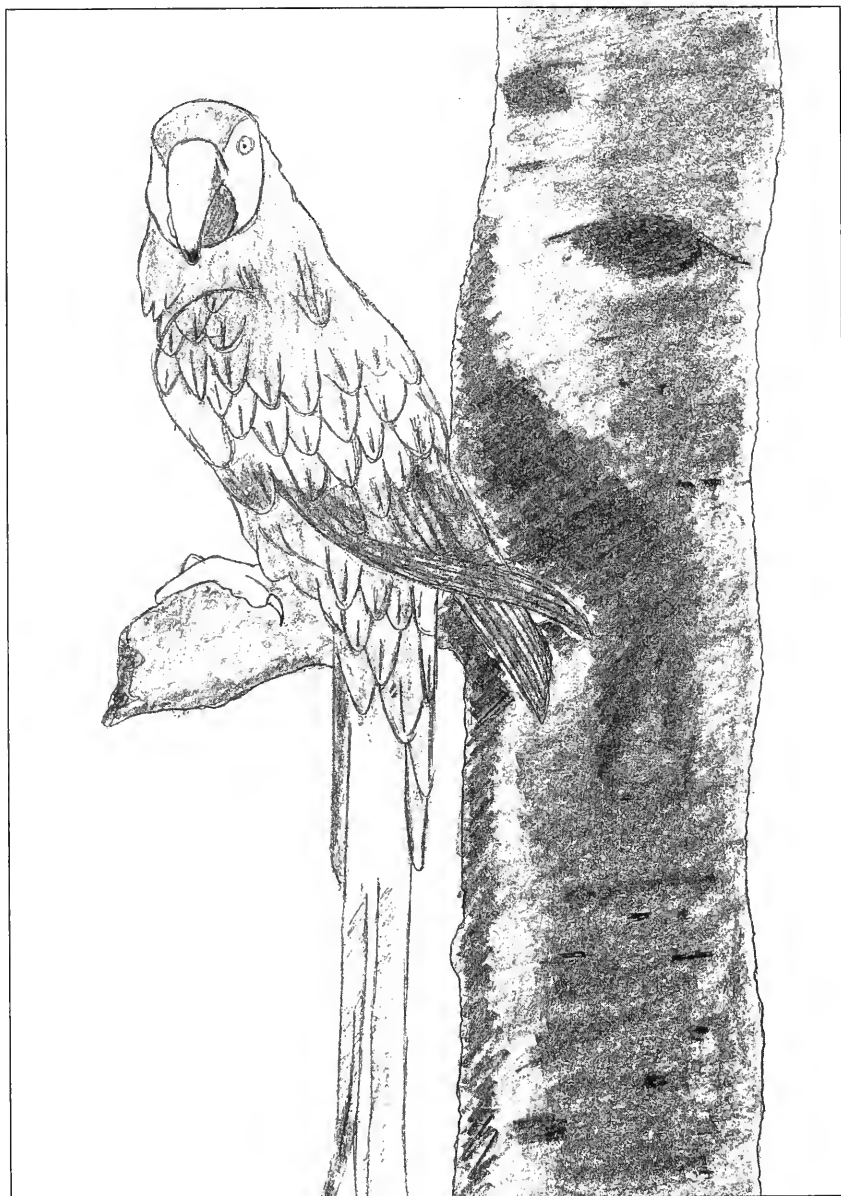
It seemed like an eternity before my mom came to my rescue; when she opened the door, I wrapped my little arms around her tightly, not wanting to let go of her. Mom promised that from now on she would always go to the outhouse with me. Mom hugged and kissed me over and over, reassuring me that everything was all right. Because I was trembling so badly, I got to sleep with her, and I clung to her all night.



Later, I found out that when I slammed the door, the lock turned and locked me inside. Today, I find this funny, but as a seven-year-old I was terrified!

This experience taught me to never go places without someone with me, then and even to this present day. Unexpected situations may arise that are not in my control; so having a second person there may help the situation.





by Veda Daniel

## **Ohiyesa: Charles Alexander Eastman**

By Christina Stevens

During the exploration and settling of America, the life that Native Americans had long enjoyed was stripped away. They were forced to live on reservations that were, for the most part, located outside of the territory in which they had previously dwelled, as well as having to cope with various other traumatic changes. The Indians were displeased with reservation life and were met with harsh penalties, including death, if they did not comply with the orders of the white authorities. The Sioux Indians were placed on the Santee Sioux Reservation which was located near Redwood Falls in Minnesota. The life of Ohiyesa, the son of a Sioux Indian “Many Lightnings” and Mary Eastman, the daughter of a white father and a Sioux mother, began on the Santee Sioux Reservation on February 19, 1858 (Wilson 244).

Ohiyesa’s mother died shortly after his birth, and he was raised by his paternal grandmother and his father until he was four-years-old (Baym 797). After a small uprising by Ohiyesa’s father, Many Lightnings, and the other clan leaders against the white military, many of the tribe’s members fled the Dakota Territory and set out to live among the Sioux dwelling in Canada. Ohiyesa, his grandmother, and other family members fled with the others. Taking refuge, Ohiyesa’s grandmother was aided by his uncle, Mysterious Medicine, in raising the young boy after receiving word that his father had been hanged (Benson 59).

Ohiyesa was to become a great warrior of his clan (Benson) and was quickly on his way when his life was suddenly changed. His

father had searched for his lost family and traveled far to find them. Many Lightnings had not been hanged, as they had thought, but had been taught the ways of the white Christian faith. He had also changed his name. He was now Jacob Eastman, and he had come to take his son, now fourteen-years-old, back to this new world with him. After several talks and a hard decision, Ohiyesa and his grandmother began the long journey back to Flandreau, Dakota Territory, to his father's farm (Benson 105). It was from his father's homestead that Ohiyesa would be renamed Charles Alexander Eastman and sent to school to learn the ways of the white men.

Charles' education, while it got off to a rocky start (Benson 119), would shape the rest of his life. Not only was he successful at the Flandreau Mission School, but was sent to the Santee Normal Training School where he also did exceptionally well. After completing his education at the Santee Normal Training School, Eastman decided that in order to survive in a world dominated by the white Christian society, he would need an extra dose of success. Eastman then attended the "preparatory departments of Beloit College, Knox College, and Kimball Union Academy" (Wilson 244) and later Dartmouth University where he graduated at the top of his class (Benson, Nov. 30), and finally the medical school at Boston University (Wilson 244).

Eastman was determined to help his people, and while he had adopted the ways of the white Christians who had educated him, he felt that he should not have to lose his Indian heritage in order to do so. Eastman returned to the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota where he served as the reservation's government physician. It was while working on the reservation that Eastman met Elaine

Goodale who was “an educator, social worker, and writer who would become his wife” (“Eastman”).

After marrying Goodale, Eastman began to write short sketches of his life as a Sioux Indian (Wilson) and after being persuaded by his wife, he published his first book *Indian Boyhood* in 1902. Eastman was forty-four-years old. Eastman’s book was “[o]ne of the first Indian autobiographies” (Wilson 2). “Between 1904 and 1909, Eastman published three collections of short stories that depict Sioux customs, values, and history.” He presented the works in a form that mirrored the Indian tradition of narratives, as he heard them as a child (Wilson 3).

His next publication was a 1911 book titled *The Soul of the Indian*. The book is a representation of the native American and especially the Sioux religious tradition “as it was before [they] knew the white man” (Eastman [1911] IV). At the end of the book Eastman states “since there is nothing left of us but remembrance, at least let that remembrance be just!” (Eastman [1911] 171). In the book, Eastman explains that the relationship that any Indian had with God or “The Great Mystery” was a very private one (Eastman [1911] 4), much unlike the Christian faith. The Indians did not preach their religion because they did not wish to force it on anyone else, nor did anyone who did not believe in their god denounce those who did (Eastman, [1911] 5). Eastman also sought to prove that the stereotypes of his previous faith were untrue. Indians did not worship the earth and sun, which was a strict violation of the Christian faith, but merely saw these things as the temple for their worship: “the Indian no more worshiped the sun as the Christian adores the cross” (Eastman [1911] 13) and “[t]he elements and majestic forces in

nature, Lightning, Wind, Water, Fire, and Frost, were regarded with awe as spiritual powers, but always secondary and intermediate in character” (Eastman [1911] 14). The Indians were also amazed that a “Christian nation” such as America could be so cruel while preaching their gospel (Eastman [1911]. 24). They also did not understand why it was that the whites felt that they would preach the Bible to the Indians and not listen to what the Indians had to tell them about their beliefs. Had they communicated, it would have been likely that the two would have seen the many similarities in their beliefs.

Eastman’s book also contains chapters that deal with family, ceremonial rituals and morals in which he states “As a child, I understood how to give; I have forgotten that grace since I became civilized. I lived the natural life, whereas now I live the artificial” (Eastman, [1911] 88), the unwritten scriptures, and death.

In *The Soul of the Indian*, Eastman explains that the Indians had no formal places of worship because the earth was the ultimate temple to worship “The Great Mystery” — “He needs no lesser cathedral” (Eastman [1911] 4). It was this statement that inspired Indiana author Mary Rubeck Benson to begin studying Charles Eastman (Benson, 13 Dec.) and write the book about his life titled *Follow the Warrior’s Path: Life Story of Ohiyesa Better Known as Dr. Eastman*.

Eastman’s next book was titled *The Indian Today: The Past and Future of the First American*, which was a historical account of the American Indian to the year 1914, the present year at the time (“Charles (A)lexander” 3). In 1916, he published a second autobiographical work which started where *Indian Boyhood* had left off

(Wilson 6), *From the Deep Woods of Civilization: Chapters in the Autobiography of an Indian*. This was to be his most widely read publication (Baym 797). The book deals with both the “Ghost Dance Craze” (Eastman 800) and the massacre at the Battle of Wounded Knee (Eastman 808). Eastman served as the physician at the Pine Ridge Agency during the years of both events. To have once been a part of the culture and to have seen his father acting as a leader in a previous uprising, one can only imagine how Dr. Eastman would have felt to see the very thing happening right before his eyes. His final publication *Indian Heroes and Great Chieftains* contains short biographies of fifteen Indian leaders, including Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse (Wilson 6).

It is in *From the Deep Woods of Civilization; Chapters in the Autobiography of an Indian* that we learn of Eastman’s relationship with Elaine Goodale. Goodale was a fellow employee at the Pine Ridge reservation, with her main focus being the assimilation of the Indians into the white culture. Eastman was instantly struck by her (Eastman 799). They were married after a short courtship and would have six children. Though their marriage lasted for thirty years, it is clear to see that perhaps Elaine used her marriage in order to show the world what an Indian was capable of accomplishing and to encourage others to become actively involved in the assimilation movement. Goodale once delivered a speech deriding the involvement of Indian grandmothers in the upbringing of Indian children (“Charles (A)lexander” 3). While one would think that Eastman would have felt very strongly about such a statement, having been raised for ten years by his own grandmother, he did not publicly show a reaction. In a talk at the Indianapolis Branch of The

National League of American Pen Women's meeting on November 13, 2004, Mary Benson stated that Elaine Goodale "was a very controlling woman who wanted to take credit for all of Eastman's literary accomplishments."

Charles Eastman and Elaine Goodale separated in 1921. In the late 1920's, Dr. Eastman purchased a secluded cabin in Canada (Wilson 245) where he spent the remaining summers of his life (Wilson 7). When he died on January 8, 1939, Dr. Charles Eastman was buried in an unmarked grave in Detroit, Michigan (Wilson 7). Perhaps his unmarked grave was his last attempt at preserving his Indian heritage, as traditional Indian graves were not marked.

Dr. Charles Alexander Eastman (Ohiyesa), who never stopped using his Sioux name in conjunction with his Christian name, "was the foremost educated Indian living in the United States at the beginning of the twentieth century" (Wilson 245). "Eastman was an acculturated rather than an assimilated Indian" (Wilson 7). Eastman spent most of his life trying to bridge the gap between Indian and white societies so that they might learn to live together on this great earth as an altar to the same God. Mary Benson states that "Dr. Eastman felt the Indian could retain his culture and religion and still fit in the white world. Dr. Eastman felt, for example, that the Irish had their St. Patrick's Day and the Germans had their Oktoberfest. They kept their culture, but still fit in" (Benson, 13 Dec). Today in the United States, St. Patrick's Day and Oktoberfest are still celebrated, while the Indians who remain are still living on reservations in order to preserve as much of their culture as they can. Had Dr. Eastman lived to see this day, would he have regretted returning to America with his father on that fate-filled morning? One would



hope that he would have chosen the same path, as we now have a much greater knowledge of how the native people of our country lived simply, morally, and full of praise for their creator — “The Great Mystery.”



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## **Getting Out of the Boat**

by Tammera Moore

One of the Bible stories that I love is about Peter walking on the water. The story takes place as all of the disciples are in a boat. They are anticipating reaching land soon, when they see a figure walking towards them on the water. They are naturally fearful and uncertain of what they see. Soon, they begin to realize that this might be Jesus coming towards them. Jesus knowing their fear reassures them that it is in fact himself. Peter still has his doubts and he says to Jesus, "If it is you, tell me to come to you on the water." Jesus is unfazed by Peter's request and answers him with one simple word, "Come." Peter gets out of the boat, focuses his attention firmly on Jesus, and begins to do something amazing. Peter walks on the water.

In some ways, I can relate to Peter. It took courage to get out of the boat when Jesus called him, but Peter took a step of faith and trusted that Jesus would protect him. I enrolled in school believing that my call from Jesus is to teach children about him. The Bible says that God is a consuming fire. It naturally follows that any mandate from Him should be all consuming as well.

I got out of my proverbial boat when I committed myself to pursuing an associate's degree. I will not only obtain my educational goal here at Ivy Tech Community College, but I will continue to pursue my education at Indiana University-Purdue University Indianapolis where I will receive my bachelor's degree.

In five years, I will still be in the midst of completing my first degree at Indiana University-Purdue University Indianapolis. I am

well aware that anything I do for God, I must do to the very best of my ability; I will continue to strive for excellence in my educational endeavors. Upon completing my bachelor's degree, I will begin to work on my master's degree.

I, like Peter, will trust that everything will work out exactly as God intends. I'm not certain of where this road that I am traveling on will lead. I will continue to press forward in spite of any adversity I may face.

Five years from now, I will be a teacher. Five years from now, I will be a great teacher. God will use my life in incredible ways, not because I have any great skill, but I will teach. Not because I am the brightest, or the best, but I will be all that God intends for me to be, because like Peter, I was willing to step out of the boat.



## Can Anything Be Done To Reduce Teenage Pregnancy?

By Carole Hundley

“Mom, Dad, I’m pregnant.” These are words no parent wants to hear, but words many parents have to address today. While teenage pregnancy rates have lowered in the last few years, it’s still a major problem. In 2001, the percentage of births to teenage mothers was “11.3” (*Statistical Abstract of the United States*, 123rd Edition, 2003). Hormones are raging at this age, and movies, television, and advertising are full of sexual material, which only enhances the problem. Girls are often forced to leave school to take on the role of parenting, having to grow up much too fast, and “Countless studies have concluded that young mothers are significantly less likely to finish high school, or raise children who finish high school, than women who delay childbearing by even a couple of years” (Carr, 2004). Boys are also having to pass up their education to get a job, so they can pay for child support. Many parents find themselves raising their grandchildren, because their daughters cannot either support the child, or won’t take responsibility for their care.

Teenage pregnancy is a problem that can be at least reduced, if certain measures are taken. In the next few paragraphs, I will offer possible solutions to this problem.

Abstinence is always the best way to avoid getting pregnant. A boy’s body signals may make it tough for him to control natural impulses, and girls may be so infatuated with the boy, that it can be

harder for them not to give in to temptation. Peer pressure and self-esteem can also add to their feelings.

*Planned Parenthood* has a brochure entitled “Abstinence, What’s In It For Me?,” which explains the positive side of being abstinent. The brochure lists such things as: positive feelings from “making a decision not to have sex and sticking to it, taking time to find the right person, getting to know yourself, learning the difference between love and sex, and having time to get to know and trust each other.” It also states that you have “freedom from worry, the risk of getting HIV, regrets, and difficult breakups.” It suggests participating in activities with friends that share the same ideas about early sex and ways of saying “no.” The brochure also suggests not going to places that might add to the difficulty of saying no, and mentions that using drugs and drinking alcohol can hinder good judgment.

Abstinence groups in high schools are becoming more popular. Programs such as PEP (Peers Educating Peers) in schools such as Belzer Middle School in Indianapolis support abstinence, as well as other problems facing young people today. These programs should be brought to each student’s attention, and should be encouraged by parents and teachers.

Sex education in schools, homes, and churches is another very important solution to lowering teenage pregnancy. Health classes should have sex education as part of the curriculum every year, starting with the middle school grades, and introductory classes about feelings and awareness of inappropriate conduct, such as wrong touching, starting in preschool. Schools already have programs set up for this, but these topics should be discussed frequently, not just once or twice a year. Posters for abstinence

should be posted in hallways of middle schools and high schools, and students should be made aware that counselors are available, daily, for them to talk to.

Ministers, priests, and rabbis make good counselors. They can discuss with teenagers what God expects of them in terms of sexuality, and teach them that it is best to hold off on sex until they find the right person to marry. Knowing how saving oneself for marriage, and sharing sex with one special person, can help them experience happiness and self-esteem is very important.

Consequences of teenage pregnancy should be emphasized as part of sex education. The media is a wonderful tool for this. Commercials could show young mothers, in real life situations, giving up their fun time to take care of their babies, and show them discussing their feelings of frustration and social isolation. They could show young men having to work instead of being in sports and activities they enjoy, because they have to pay child support. Commercials could also show the heartbreak of giving up a child. If teenagers repeatedly see these commercials, maybe they will think twice about having sex.

If sex education and abstinence fail to stop teenagers from having sex, ways of protection should be made available. "More than 50 percent of our high school graduates have been sexually active," and "the U.S. has the highest rate of teen pregnancy in the industrialized world," states Betty Cockrum in her editorial in *The Indianapolis Star*, dated May 23, 2004.

Free condoms in restrooms of businesses, such as fast-food restaurants, could be placed at a level where youngsters could not reach them. Not only could the availability of condoms help

prevent unwanted pregnancies, but also it could stop the spreading of HIV and other sexual diseases.

Other forms of birth control are available including:

- Birth control pills
- Diaphragm or Cervical Cap
- Contraceptive foam, cream, jelly or suppository
- Depo-Provera (a progestin shot)
- Norplant (six small capsules under the skin of your upper arm)

Each of the above forms of birth control has possible side effects that should be discussed with a doctor before using them. Also, none of them prevent HIV, or other sexual diseases.

If a teenager cannot afford to see a doctor, or is embarrassed to talk with someone they know about sex, there are several *Planned Parenthood* facilities available. They offer everything from free condoms to adoption referrals, at a cost affordable to each individual. They have two websites available: [www.plannedparenthood.org](http://www.plannedparenthood.org) and [www.teenwire.com](http://www.teenwire.com)

There **are** solutions to the problem of teenage pregnancy. If persistence in getting the information out to teenagers is used, we can reduce the numbers of unintended pregnancies, and give our teenagers a better chance for a happy and productive life.



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## Untitled

I will never forget the day — April 22  
The day you came, kicking and screaming  
The day you came, filling my heart with joy and laughter  
The day you came, changing my life forever

April 22 — the day I became a mother  
April 22 — the day I was forced to grow up  
April 22 — the day I knew what love was

Becoming a mother meant loving unconditionally  
Becoming a mother meant wiping the tears away  
Becoming a mother meant saying goodbye to all those left behind

Loving unconditionally is what I do  
Loving unconditionally is what I want to do  
Loving unconditionally is me loving you

On April 22 I became a mother  
And loved unconditionally only you

by Julie Maxwell

## **My Experience in the Balkan War**

by Sasa Glumac

It was time for me to go to sleep. My mom helped me to get in my bed, and she kissed me. It was nine o'clock. At three in the morning she told me that I needed to get my clothes on, and we needed to go. I was confused; I did not know why she was crying. Everything before was nice and happy. I did not understand how everything could change in one night. And I still do not understand. I was only ten-years-old. At that age children are playing with toys and other friends. In the city of Kostajnica in Croatia in 1995 was when everything started.

When we went outside of the house, I saw people running, crying. I heard gun shots. People were saying "they are coming." Every face that I saw that night was crying and scared of something. My mom was holding my hand very tight all the time; she was saying that everything is going to be all right. She told my mother that some people dressed in black with guns had killed her husband. I looked at the people and tried to walk very fast. I did not cry, but I was very scared, too.

It was time to pass a bridge. I saw people dressed in black with big knives and guns, smiling, acting like they were happy. I was scared of them and all the people who were running, they were scared, too.

A man was playing with a knife, like it was his favorite toy. The look in his eyes, his face, and his smile, I will never forget. I remember he was kicking one very old lady. He was enjoying doing this. When the old lady stood up, she tried to run to the other side

of the bridge and then the man with the gun shot her. The lady did not stand up again.

My mom told me that we needed to be on the other side of the bridge, and we needed to go now. I was scared because I knew that we would be very close to those people with guns. My mom said that I needed to be quiet. She said, “Do not try to say anything, and if something happens to me, just run, and never look back.” That was when I started to cry. I did not want something to happen to my mom. I did not want to go close to those men. I was scared. I knew what could happen — because I had seen that old lady.

We came to the bridge. The man with knife came close to us, asking us our names and where we were going. He was very drunk, very mean. We did not understand what he was saying and what he wanted. He asked me: “Do you like my knife? Do you want to play with my knife?”

My mom said: “Leave him alone. He is just a child. He does not know anything.” After that he grabbed my mom’s hand like he wanted to hit her. Another man came and said that if we do not say where my dad is, he was going to kill me. My mom tried to keep me close to her. I can still feel the gun on my chest. I was crying hard. My mom was crying, too. She told them that she did not know anything about her husband, about any guns. We just wanted to go to the other side because my mother had a sister over there.

Another man came close to us. “Leave them alone,” he said. “They can go.” My mom took me and we walked across the bridge. She said, “Do not look back.”

I saw dead people in the river. The name of the river is the Una. This river used to be blue, the most beautiful river that I had ever

seen before. Now it was red because of the blood.

When we came to my mom's sister's house, they put me in the bed, but I was still scared. I wanted my mom to be with me.

For a couple of years we moved through countries like Croatia, Bosnia, and Serbia to find a place to stay. We never went back to Kostajnica where I was born, where I had many friends, where I learned how to speak, to read, where I was happy. I do not understand why people cannot be together in one place, where they like to be. When I needed to be playing with my toys and with friends like other children, I was watching how people kill each other.

I know that I am never going to forget August 2, 1995. Many of my friends were lost; many of them died. I know I was lucky. Now that I am almost twenty-years-old, I know exactly what happened in Kostajnica. Today when my friends talk about what they did when they were ten-years-old, and how much fun they had, I do not have



This is the bridge that my mother and I crossed to get away.

anything to say, except about war. My question will always be: Does this world have places for everybody? How do those people who kill somebody for nothing, how do they feel, and do they have a family like my mom?

I think that there is enough space for everybody in this world, no matter what color or religion we are. Everybody needs to have freedom. Children need to live in peace, to be happy, and to live with family.



## **Unpunished Goes Not One Good Deed**

By Joseph Paul Leck

I'll confess up front to leading a less than thrilling life, but there have been a few situations in which I've found myself that could be described as little else than bizarre. Incidences have occurred where I was in the wrong place at the worst possible time and nearly lost my life, but managed to walk away with both the air in my lungs and an interesting story.

What follows is one of these.

I was fifteen; too young to drive, too old to stay at home on a Saturday night; so I went for a walk. It was a very long walk through an autumn night with no real destination, only the desire to do away with my boredom. I must have hiked miles worth of cityscape before I began the return trip home. I was ambling down a narrow street, engulfed in darkness, for there were no lampposts, when I happened to glimpse something white jutting from the bushes to my left. Realizing it was a sock, I paused, and when I saw that the sock was pulled over a foot, my heart leapt. I took from my belt the small flashlight that, like my pocket knife, always accompanied me on my many walks, and scrambled into the brush, tearing at the shrubs until I uncovered a woman. Heavy set, shabbily dressed, and, at first appearance, completely dead, she lay sprawled before me.

After a tense moment, her chest rose with a shallow breath. I shone the weak beam of my flashlight into the lustrous whites of her eyes, the pupils were rolled as far back into her head as possible. I put a hand to her shoulder and gently shook the woman, calling for her to awaken. Her only response was an incoherent gargle and

a subtle tremor that rippled throughout her frame. Knowing that she was, for whatever reason, in dire need of medical care, I left the bushes in search of help. In the late hour there were no cars to flag down on the street in which I stood nor in the intersection ahead. It was then I noticed, set back from the street amongst the trees, a house. I naturally assumed there to be a phone inside and jogged to the front door. It would be years from that night before I would learn that one should always knock softly. I began to hammer wildly at the door until my fist went numb. Standing on the porch, unanswered for several long moments, I looked back to where the woman lay, knew her time could be short, and ran around the side of the house to try the back door.

I rounded into the back yard and was suddenly confronted by a tiny, yapping dog who leapt into my path with erect ears and bared teeth. But the ridiculous guard dog only held my attention for an instant when I saw that his masters— a pair of elderly folk— were seated on either side of a small bonfire that was licking at the night sky with its flimsy tongues of flame. They were startled by the sight of me and I cannot blame them, for even as a young man I was very tall and had a penchant for wearing long coats that so often give a sinister impression. I remained where I was, trying to ease rather than intensify their distrust of me, and explained hurriedly the dire situation of the woman in the bushes.

The older couple rose from their seats, wordless. We shared a tense moment, those two, their miniature dog and I, with only the gentle crackle of their fire rupturing the silence. At length the gray-haired woman agreed to my request and disappeared into the house to place a call to the authorities. Her husband said that he would



come with me to see this woman I claimed to have found, but first he, too, went into the house. I left the tiny dog and the firelight, and re-crossed the street to check on the woman and found her in much the same condition as when I'd left her side.

The bald, spectacled man came out his front door and down to the street where I met him and began to thank him for his aid. I was still midway through expressing my gratitude when he pulled a revolver on me and thumbed back the hammer. That was his reason for going inside first, to acquire his sidearm. My mind reeled. I didn't know what he was doing or why but I subtly stretched my arms away from my body to show him I was not a threat. He asked if I had any weapons on my person and I felt no reason to lie. He ordered me to drop my pocketknife on the ground and I obeyed, gently extracting it and stooping slowly to set it on the asphalt at my feet. I genuinely had no fear of the man. I knew he was only doing what he felt was necessary. In all honesty, I would not have trusted me either.

Keeping the revolver and one eye trained on me, the older man went into the shrubs and dragged the woman to her feet. He tried several times, unsuccessfully, to communicate with her. Swaying on her feet, mumbling incoherently, the gunman, as I did, deduced that she was a junky or a drunkard, out of her mind with whichever vice she'd taken past the limit. The man looked back to me, eyes accusing, his voice gruff as he demanded that I tell him if I knew this woman. I answered him honestly and retold him of how I had just, moments earlier, found her slumped in the underbrush. It was clear he didn't believe me and he asked again if I knew her, as if this were a trap I was to spring on him and his unsuspecting wife, to rob

and perhaps murder them, using the woman as bait. Again I pleaded my innocence and, again, all of it fell on deaf ears.

The gray-haired woman then appeared at the front door. She scampered across the lawn, the cordless phone in hand, calling to us that police and paramedics were en route. She joined us in the street, a little surprised to see at the end of her husband's outstretched hand the revolver. The older man ignored his wife when she asked that he lower the weapon. Instead he commanded me to come closer, and I did, very slowly. He turned to the woman, barely remaining atop her shoeless feet, and asked if she knew me. She gave no reply, save a nebulous murmur.

The four of us then heard the faint but ever-nearing sound of sirens and knew the authorities would very soon join us here in the street. They would surely sort through this matter. I welcomed their coming, but would never see it for it was then that the woman spoke. She staggered toward me and in a voice a little higher than a whisper, beckoned me to follow her. It was enough to solidify in the minds of the older couple that this woman and I were involved, and just enough to creep me out in a way I haven't been since. Holding my stance, making it clear I had no intention of going anywhere with her, the woman swiveled and staggered off down the street toward the intersection, falling and rising several times as she went.

While the older couple watched her go in silent bewilderment, I stealthily retrieved my pocketknife from the asphalt and moved quietly backwards. When I was far enough removed from the scene to do so, I turned and stole into the darkness. In hindsight, I'm sure my escape only incriminated me of some unintended crime, but I was through with being on the deadly end of the old man's revolver.

I took the long way home, never again seeing the elderly couple, their yapping dog, or the mysterious woman I found in the bushes. I don't know if the first three still reside in the house where I first encountered them and haven't been back to see. As for the woman, I can't help but toss the occasional glance to roadside bushes just in the off chance I should find her again slumped and semiconscious in the shrubs.

The truth can often be stranger than fiction. As proof of this claim, I offer the above story.



## Contributors' Biographies

### Victoria Alexander

I am in my first semester at Ivy Tech Community College. I love to express my feelings and put them into writing. I dedicate this paper to my mother, Genevieve Alexander, who worked in her extensive perennial gardens with me by her side, giving me the interest to pursue a career in a field that I enjoy.

### Eric Bailey

I am a 19-year-old student at Ivy Tech Community College in pursuit of a degree in Office Administration. I enjoy writing, although I do not have much time to write. I can tuck my lip into my neck. I am a dreamer, but sometimes only asleep.

### Galina Belyayev

I was born in Moscow, Russia. In 2003, my family moved to Indianapolis. I am 43, and I have a husband and 3 sons. At Ivy Tech, I am trying to get into a nursing school.

### Veda Daniel

I was born and raised in Indianapolis. I have always had a love for art and am hoping to become an animator in the future. This is my first year at Ivy Tech, and the experience has been a blessing. I am thankful for being a part of *New Voices*.

**Sasa Glumac**

I like to play and watch sports, especially soccer and basketball. I do love music, and it helps me relax sometimes. My major is Marketing Management. One of my favorite movies is *No Man's Land*, because it's a movie about the country that I came from the same as *Welcome to Sarajevo*.

**Audrey Hiatt**

I was born October 28, 1953, in Indianapolis, Indiana. I am finishing my first year at Ivy Tech Community College. I feel like a teenager. My parents question my daily school activities and grades. Family and the traditions of family are dear to my heart.

**Carole Hundley**

I'm a first year student at Ivy Tech, seeking a degree in Early Childhood Education. I've been married for 33 years, and have one son. I'm enjoying being back in school very much.

**Nicholas Paul Jackson**

I was born the 22nd of July, 1984. I'm the son of Danny and Pamela Jackson and was born and raised in Indianapolis, Indiana. I graduated from Perry Meridian High School in 2003, and I'm currently a certified personal trainer for Professional Fitness, an NPC competing bodybuilder. I attend Mount Pleasant Christian Church. I am currently pursuing the new personal training degree that Purdue offers next fall.

**Joseph Leck**

If I could squeeze even a synopsis of my life onto this page, let alone into the fifty-word limit, I would be horribly depressed. Besides, the reader does not care about my place of origin, my major, or my post-college plans. So I'll not bore him or her with those lesser details and say only that, God willing, this will not have been the last thing you will read of mine.

**Julie Maxwell**

I am a 26-year-old single parent who decided to go back to school in hopes of having a better life. I was born in Indianapolis. I hope one day my son realizes how important school is. This is my third semester at Ivy Tech, and my major is Radiology.

**Tammera Moore**

I am currently enrolled in the Early Childhood Education program. My future plans are to learn as much as I can about how to teach, and to use the techniques I learn to lay a solid foundation of Jesus Christ in the lives of children.

**Dar Parsons**

I was born. I'm living, and death hasn't come to me, yet. So here I am. Nothing too special, just a man who likes to write about something. Something about life and maybe birth or even death. So have a nice day, goodbye.

**Sandra Pittman**

Hello! I am a 30-year-old mother of two, and a first-time college student. I enjoy writing about my children, especially my daughter Sarah. I hope you will enjoy reading about her.

**Christy Schmali**

No bio submitted.

**Christina Stevens**

I have been an English student at Ivy Tech since I moved to Indiana in 2002. As an English student, I have studied various writers and their works. I believe that one of the most interesting aspects of literature is the comparison one can make between a writer's life and the content of the works that he or she creates.

**Stephanie Warrix**

I attend Ivy Tech part-time, and I work a full-time job. I am married and a proud mom of two children. I enjoy writing poetry, reading fiction, and watching television. My unusual hobby is racing a 1994 Ford Escort GT in the Hornet series at the Indianapolis Speedrome.

**Tamara Wisdom**

I was born thirty-four years ago on a rainy July evening. Writing is something I've been passionate about ever since I was eight-years-old. During that time, I developed a speech impairment, a mild to moderate case of stuttering. Fearing ridicule by my classmates, I was afraid to speak. I turned to writing because I discovered the power of words. From childhood to adulthood, I turned my thoughts into a powerful silent instrument, writing. I am a proud mother of three children (16, 15, and 9). They support me 100%, as I pursue my Associates Degree in English.



## ***New Voices* 2006 is Dedicated to Christopher Wood**

Mr. Wood retired as a full professor from Ivy Tech Community College this past August. He had served as the Academic Skills Advancement Department Chair since 2001. His duties included the coordination and supervision of the developmental language arts department, including the operation of the Writing and Reading Center and curricula in the areas of developmental writing, reading, study skills, and English as a Second Language. His previous full-time positions with the college include Assistant Chair for the General Education and Support Services Division (1996-2001), Skills Advancement Coordinator (1986-1996), and writing instructor (1985-1986). During his thirty-five years as a college instructor, he has taught courses in developmental speech and writing, English composition, study skills, communications, business communications, film review writing, humanities, leadership development, creative writing, research report writing, technical writing, and business writing at Ivy Tech and Indiana University-Purdue University at Indianapolis. He is currently an adjunct instructor at Ivy Tech.

He graduated *magna cum laude* and Phi Beta Kappa with a Bachelor of Arts degree in English from Indiana University in 1971 and received a Master of Arts degree in English literature from the same institution in 1977.

Mr. Wood is the author of *Analyzing and Interpreting Literature* (1996) and *Humanities* (1999) as well as numerous articles. He was selected as Teacher of the Year for Ivy Tech's General Education Division (1985), received the General Motors Automotive Program's National Award of Merit (1998), and was recognized for outstanding service to the Indiana Association for Developmental Education (1990 and 2001).

He and his wife Sandra have been married for twenty-nine years and have two daughters, Juliet and Laura.

## How to Submit Your Manuscripts and Art Work to *New Voices*

It is a good idea to have an instructor critique and edit your manuscript. When ready, the instructor collects two copies of your manuscript and one disk in Microsoft Word, 12 point, Times New Roman. You may also turn your work in to NMC 231B or C.

Leave your name off one copy of your manuscript.

Label your disk with your name, title of your work, and your instructor's name. Your disk should have your titled manuscript, your name, and a mini-bio of yourself in 50 words or less. These should be two separate files. Name the bio: "Your Last Name, BIO." Nothing else should be on your disk.

Personal essays, short stories, poetry, and expository writing of all types are accepted. (Identify the type of writing you are submitting.) Manuscripts of four pages or less will be given first consideration.

Original black and white artwork (of an appropriate size) may also be submitted to your instructor. Cover designs are welcome. Follow the same guidelines as for the written manuscript.

You may be asked to sign a permission form. Your instructor has the form. S/he should also sign the form.

NO work will be returned. By giving the manuscript and the art work to the instructor for this publication, you are granting permission to publish.

Manuscripts and art work are chosen by a student editorial board. Authorship is not revealed until the material is accepted.

Any unpublished manuscripts or art work not published may be considered for a future issue.

Deadline for Spring 2007 issue is October 15, 2006.

## The Ivy Tech School Song

Oh raise a toast to Ivy Tech  
let all our voices sing  
of friendships strong and futures bright  
through knowledge that you bring.  
Our lives have been made richer here  
as we progress in our careers  
joining mind and hands and heart  
Ivy Tech where futures start.

Sing loud and strong of Ivy Tech  
and let our motto be  
we're proud to tell you all about  
the college that worked for me.  
And as we go our separate ways  
with fondness we'll recall these days  
joining mind and hands and heart  
Ivy Tech where futures start.

